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work, the monument to Luther, which is to be erected in the market-place at Worms. Dresden nearly lost this eminent sculptor last year, the King of Prussia having tempted him with liberal offers to remove to Berlin and take the post of Director of the Berlin Academy of the fine Arts, an office that has been vacant since the death of Schadow in 1850. Rietschel, however, declined, much to the gratification of his admirers and friends in Dresden. This city has not been equally fortunate in respect to another eminent artist, the painter Bendemann, who has become, within a year, Director of the Academy at Dusseldorf. Bendemann, although a resident in Saxony for many years, is a Prussian by birth. He began his artistic career at Dusseldorf, where he now officiates, and was educated by the side of Lessing, Sohn, Rethel, Hildebrandt and others who have made this school so prominent among the schools of Europe. Schadow was director of the Academy at the time Bendemann entered it, and it is said he will act in accordance with the spirit of his master. Bendemann's influence has already produced good results. He has put an end to the dissensions which have existed many years in the Dusseldorf art-circle between the supporters of the Academy and the members of the *Malkasten*, the former conservative and the latter progressive. If this be so, the new director has done good service, and its effect may be to revive the energies of the Dusseldorf school, which lately has been somewhat drooping. Among the distinguished artists now in Dresden may be mentioned the sculptors Dondorf (who is executing two figures for the chateau of Wartburg), Hæhnel (now finishing a monument to Frederic Augustus II.), and Schilling, a pupil of the latter. Among the painters there are Schnorr de Carolsfeld, one of the most illustrious names in modern German art, and present Director of the Academy, Hubner and Richter, the latter so well known by his admirable designs that are found in some of the choice illustrated works issued from the German press.

Numerous works of art are in progress in Dresden, the government doing what it can to encourage artists. Five thousand thalers a year are appropriated to the Fine Arts, and with this sum a great deal is accomplished. The following works are in progress, the expense of which is defrayed by this appropriation. The entrance hall of the museum is being decorated in fresco; the great steps of the terrace of Brühl is to have statues, and one of the public structures is to be converted into a gallery of paintings and sculpture—the subjects drawn from national history—and always open to the public. Besides this sum, the king has ordered the sum of 3000 thalers to be devoted to the embellishment of the churches and other places of public resort, and the city itself 1000 thalers to go toward a monument of Weber lately erected in the rear of the theatre.



GENIUS is a rare and precious gem, of which few know the worth; it is fitter for the cabinet of the connoisseur, than for the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank-bill, convenient for change, negotiable at all times, and current in all places. "It knows the value of small things, and considers that an aggregate of them makes up the sum of human affairs. . . . Good sense has not so 'piercing an eye, but it has as clear a sight: it does not penetrate so deeply, but as far as it *does* see, it discerns distinctly. Good sense is a judicious mechanic, who can produce beauty and convenience out of suitable means; but genius (I speak with reverence of the immeasurable distance) bears some remote resemblance to the Divine Architect, who produced perfection of beauty without any visible materials; "who spake, and it was created;" who said, "Let it be, and it was."—*H. More.*

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1860.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON.—Whoever takes much interest in projects to improve the condition of Art under the wing of our national government, may well entertain doubts as to whether anything can be done in the right direction, and chiefly because our congressmen do not show themselves qualified to handle the subject. We judge by a report of a debate on Art that occurred lately in Congress, in the course of which, Mr. Senator Hale made what is called a "rich speech." We have no space for the speech itself, and too much patriotism to circulate it if we had—a more melancholy instance of that peculiar compound of arrogance and ignorance which often breaks out in our council-chambers could hardly be found. Mr. Hale's remarks are not open to serious refutation, for there is neither coherency nor a basis of judgment to act on; they may be summed up in two words, official bluster. Mr. Hale evidently has no knowledge of Art—indeed, he confesses as much. What surprises us is that, occupying his position, he should open his lips about it and unmanfully injure a useful and honorable class of men by bringing their works into contempt. Mr. Hale ought to know that a man without culture and refinement cannot be elected into the world of Art as he can into the Senate-chamber; he ought to know that jests may amuse some and disgust others, and that misplaced humor is nothing but the privilege of a harlequin. Mr. Hale's capacity and fitness as a legislator are far more open to question by one like the artist, whose function it is to know the value of means toward a given end, than the artist's ability is by one like himself. To our mind, he appears less qualified for his position than the artists who have labored for their country and whose works he derides and insultingly pronounces "abortions."

In the present number we give the admirable report of the U. S. Art Commission, in which the decoration of the Capitol is seriously and thoroughly reviewed. The principles laid down in this report seem to us irrefutable, and its criticism of details, as far as it goes, will be indorsed by every one. It is the first intelligent, brief and comprehensive comment on the art-doings at the Capitol that has appeared, and it shows what should have been done before any attempts were made to decorate the Capitol. All that remains for the government to do, is to increase the powers of the Commission, and give them an opportunity to prove the wisdom and justice of its appointment by works; they should have means to enable them to show their resources in carrying out their excellent suggestions, at all events to complete some portions of the decoration already begun, so as to let the country see in their judicious management the difference between artistic propriety and random extravagance. We notice that the Commission touches upon the subject of national coinage. We hope these views will be considered by Congress, for our coinage is not what it should be.

NEW YORK.—The last Artists' Reception of the season, in Dodworth's building, came off on the 1st ult. We take from the "Century" the following report:

"The last Artist's Reception for the season was held at Dodworth's Hall, on Thursday evening, the 1st instant, when, notwithstanding inclement weather, a large assemblage of the élite

of New York society thronged the great room of that building from eight o'clock until after eleven, in the enjoyment of the refined and intellectual communion which is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than at those pleasant parties. Perhaps, indeed, there is no *salon* of New York from which the cosmopolitan tone of its society can be better inferred than from these artistic assemblies, in which its best social components are brought together and made conspicuous in a manner at once agreeable and instructive. For advancement in matters of taste, the *conversazione* is an excellent school—and that more particularly when aided by the exhibition of choice productions of art.

"Of the many pictures exhibited on Thursday evening, we can only state our general impression, that they were quite up to the standard of those displayed at the previous receptions. But few of the artists, however, contributed their most important works, many of which are still on the easels, and most of them, probably, reserved for the approaching exhibition of the National Academy. Eastman Johnson had two small pictures, treated with all the finish and power for which he is so remarkable. One entitled "Washington's Kitchen at Mount Vernon"—a most truthfully rendered scene of home and negro life. Shattuck, a fine marine view of sea and beach and cliff, gathered from Mount Desert on the coast of Maine. Boughton, a mellow little moonlight winter scene, with figures—very effective and truthful. Gifford, a study—a very finished study, too—of that fine picture, "The Wilderness," now upon his easel. Stone, some very attractive portrait groups. Jerome Thompson, some of his sketches, and a newly finished picture of Candacia Lake. Ehninger, a brilliant little cabinet picture—an episode in the earlier life of Washington. Gignoux, a luminous study of icebergs—a reminiscence of Newfoundland's dreary coasts. G. H. Hall, an exquisitely painted bunch of grapes, and other fruit pieces. Besides these, we had glimpses—and glimpses only—of marine pieces by C. T. Dix, and some clever sketches in that line by A. W. Warren, arranged on a screen near the entrance. We also were detained, for a brief moment, by a spirited portrait group by Huntington—crayon or pencil sketches of Irving, Webster and Bryant. There was also on view a remarkable picture by Merle, of Paris—an old man recounting to an attentive group of young women and children. This picture is full of expression—the head of the white-bearded sage a perfect study. Doubtless there were many other pictures on the walls worthy of being noted down in this hastily compiled category; but the distractions were so numerous—the crowd, the dazzle and the music—that we must hold this forth as an apology to all who have been omitted from our list."

The exhibition of the National Academy will open as advertised, on the 12th inst. Those who have frequented the receptions of the past season know something of its attractions, as the pictures exhibited on those occasions will figure there; except in a few instances where pictures have been commissioned by amateurs non-resident in New York, and which have been sent to their owners. Among the works that have left the city, the loss of which will be most felt, we have to mention Leutze's "Venetian Masqueraders" and Lang's "Queen Elizabeth and Margaret Lambrun," the latter being Mr. Lang's masterpiece. We recapitulate the most important pictures produced during the winter, that are to grace the Academy walls, and first, the landscapes: Continuing the list begun in the notice of the above reception, we have to add Bierstadt's

"Rocky Mountains," which promises to be one of the main attractions of the exhibition; J. M. Hart's "Placid Lake" and a "Summer Shower;" Whitedge will be represented by a "View in Italy," and Hazeltine by "Rocks off the Coast of Capri;" Hubbard is engaged upon a "Mount Mansfield," a picture of larger dimensions than he usually paints; Chapman will have landscape and figure subjects of Roman character; Durand contributes "Sunday Morning;" Casilear two Swiss scenes; Mignot, "Harvest Moon" and "Lamona;" Bellows, a forest scene with figures; and McEntee his fine picture of "Autumn Leaves." Of figure-subjects, Eastman Johnson will have "Mating" and "Marguerite;" Ingham a composition of Grecian figures and accessories; Gray, one of his best works, called "Charity;" Rothermel a very large picture; Huntington, two cabinet pictures, "Ichabod Crane" and "The Counterfeit Note," and Edwin White, "The Landing of the Huguenots." Leutze is engaged upon a subject illustrating an incident in the life of Queen Elizabeth, which we hope will be completed in time, as the exhibition can ill afford to lose pictures of this class. In portraiture, Elliot, Healy, Baker, Stone and Wenzler will be strongly represented. Greene is to contribute one of his fine ideal heads, and Rowse, Barry, Hanley, Colyer and others a collection of crayon drawings. In addition to the foregoing, we hear of a large farm-yard scene by Tait, and there will be a good display of water-color drawings and several foreign pictures of great merit, the whole indicating a more interesting exhibition than the last one.

Mr. Thom, a young American artist of great promise, who has painted some very clever figure-subjects, and who lately went to Paris to improve himself, has become a pupil of Ed. Frère.

Mr. Volk, of Chicago, has on exhibition at Mr. Nichols' gallery, his statuette of Senator Douglas. This work takes rank by the side of any production of its class in our world of art. It is not often that we find a figure that stands as firmly as this, nor one possessing sufficient force of expression to make the observer indifferent to the unpicturesque costume of our day. Mr. Volk has treated this work very successfully.

We hear that Jackson has made an excellent design for a monument in honor Dr. Kane.

The auction sales of works of art that have occurred lately present many objectionable features deserving of censure and exposure. The most effective way, perhaps, to expose them is to ridicule them, and this the N. Y. Herald does very cleverly in the following report of what may be called an average example of our auction sales. The paragraph is not very long, but it has great "breadth."

SALE OF PICTURES.—A large lot of antique and modern paintings were disposed of at auction yesterday, which drew together a large crowd of connoisseurs and lovers of the fine arts. Occasionally the bidding was spirited, but owing probably to the unfavorable state of the weather, the interest manifested was not very great, and a number of very valuable and eminently antique paintings went off at a tremendous sacrifice. "Tobias and the Angel," a splendid painting, containing a superficies of at least twenty-five square feet, the work of one of the old masters—how old we cannot say, but the auctioneer assured us it had been in his possession over eight years—was knocked down to a wealthy gentleman doing business in Chatham street, at the ridiculously low figure of seven dollars. Another of certainly equal merit, was also sacrificed in a manner that shows conclusively how art is appreciated in New York. We allude to the painting of "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," and regret that our limited space will not permit us to do it justice by a full description.

While gazing on it we were forcibly reminded of the poet's excellent remark—

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

And yet, notwithstanding the undeniable merits of this picture, which should be seen to be admired, it brought only the very moderate sum of one dollar. A number of other very old paintings (but whether they were landscape views or representations of animated nature we could not precisely determine, though that detracts nothing from their merits as old paintings, but rather confirms the fact of their antiquity), were disposed of at sums ranging from one to four shillings. At the conclusion of the sale the crowd quietly dispersed.

Our readers, we are confident, will be as much rejoiced as we are ourselves, to hear that our honored and veteran friend, Rembrandt Peale, who was arrested by illness at Stonington some months ago, while on a journey eastward, is convalescent. Mr. Peale writes as follows to the *Home Journal*:

It is but recently that I learned, from a *Home Journal* of the 4th of February, that I had "entirely recovered from my severe illness;" but as the girls express it, "I cannot realize the fact," though with a good appetite and digestion, I am daily improving in strength, in the hope that I shall soon be myself again, which my experienced doctors absolutely despaired of—never having known an instance of a person of my age recovering from so violent an attack. Yet, while I lay thus helpless, I could not forbear speculating upon how I should improve in my painting if I should live again to occupy my studio—recollecting that the great Titian considered himself a student at the age of ninety-nine!—and now, within these three days, weak as I am, I have taken up the brush and painted, for a few hours, with unimpaired vigor and pleasure.

Knowing the interest you take in the lives and doings of American artists, and flattering myself that my fate and health are not indifferent to you, I write you these few authentic lines with my own hand just recovering from its tremor.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

The *Home Journal* adds a suggestion to which we beg leave to add our indorsement.

This truly magnificent old man—sovereign patriarch as he is of American art—should be commissioned by Congress, we think, to give his "Indian Summer" of a long life of genius, to a work for the Capitol. It should be some picture in which his master portrait of Washington could be introduced.

Schwartz, an American artist who has resided many years in Holland, has sent home a historical picture called "The Pilgrim Fathers," which may be safely pronounced an unusually fine work. The picture is on exhibition at Goupil's gallery. We shall speak of it more fully in our next number.

BALTIMORE.—We hear from Baltimore that Col. J. R. Johnston, whom we know to be a man of genius, "is now engaged in painting, for a wealthy connoisseur of this city, who is favorably regarded in encouraging native talent, a series of scenes from nature, all of which were originally pencilled in those romantic scenes near the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Thus far two have been completed, viz.: a view of Black Oak Bottom, a few miles west of Cumberland, and one of Cheat River. These paintings have been pronounced admirable specimens of landscape painting, and are strikingly correct copies of nature."

VERMONT.—Some months ago we chronicled the completion of the model of a statue of Ethan Allen by Larkin G. Mead, jr., of Brattleboro. This statue is now to be put in marble, the State having appropriated \$2000 for that object. Mr. Mead has selected his marble from the Rutland quarries, and hopes to have the statue finished in the course of the present year.

CRITICAL FIREWORKS.

Dear Crayon:

If any of your readers are troubled with the chronic blues, I have a remedy to suggest—let them make a scrap-book of criticisms on works of art that appear from time to time, in our newspapers, and resort to it whenever the fit comes over them. I have one bearing the title of "Pyrotechnics of the Press." This collection affords me as much amusement as boys derive from any "great moral exhibition of wild animals," or a brilliant display of fireworks, which I like better. I propose to give you a few specimens, premising that when the pieces were set off they snapped, cracked, fizzled and banged to the great delight of a crowd of admirers.

The first at hand brings to mind a marble which the critic says "belonged half to heaven, yet possessed sufficient of earth to enforce our admiration and deepen our sympathy;" each fold of drapery was "impressive in its purity," and the work in general, "a wonderful rendering of that incorporate essence of form which permeates the face with an effulgence not born of stone." Another subject, a picture, had color "generous in surface," but not "rank in pigment," showing "the spirited pencilling of a ready hand from which each touch is fully à plomb," the admirer asserting that the artist would "increase in strength and far surpass his doings of now." Another example of genius had to be helped off dramatically on Ruskin's principle of associative imagination. Observe the effect of choice terms and phrases: "If a gentleman of your acquaintance should stop you in the street and say that he had just read 'an original drama by a young American,' which was *every whit as good* as Shakspeare's Hamlet, or if he should say that he had been to the rehearsal of an American opera as *perfect* as the Don Giovanni of Mozart, or the Sonnambula of Bellini, you would look at him, to say the least, with some surprise. You might not perhaps, question the *integrity* of his intellect, although you certainly would suppose that his enthusiasm was fast getting the better of his judgment. Why? Because such dramas as Hamlet and such operas as Don Giovanni are not often written, and especially by young Americans who aim to be Shakespeares and Mozarts. Yet we encountered a *gentleman* yesterday of *sound mind and discretion*, and filling, moreover, a *considerable space in the public esteem*, who said [the work] was as *great* as was ever painted, not excepting the *masterpieces of the greatest*. Having seen the picture, we have no word of reproach to address to the critic; we fully understand the *intoxication of feeling* which led to this sweeping remark, and in the *timult of our varied emotions* we are more inclined to some similar sentence than to write a cool and measured criticism. The work is of the highest order of excellence in art; in *poetry and grandeur of sentiment* we can imagine nothing superior." In the following equally dramatic statement, we are inclined to think there was some wagery intended. The writer said that he had been told that, "in studying for the statue, the artist found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will look at the statue, you will find he has repeated the observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman, the western of Poor Richard."

Like a roman-candle tube puffing out colored lights, the following is based upon a piece of statuary, the author warning us that he makes but a very sorry job at describing. "There is no jot of the old, conventional, straight-nosed Greek ideal about it . . . it is superior to all beatifically-vacuous, bed-

gowned angels that ever simpered in stone, and is satisfactorily defiant of thin-lipped precedent. Martyr me no martyrs, and angel me no angels! A girl under the presumed circumstances would lie collapsed in shuddering horror, a mere human jelly! . . . Look at that left knee! is it not full of expression? and what an exquisite hand is the right one—it would have aroused old Plato himself! Reader, this may not be appreciable to you at first glance. Some fibres of your heart will yet respond to its inexpressible superiority, and the intenseness of your admiration, after you awake to its breadth and power, you do not now conceive."

This bit grew out of a series of pictorial mines, which, in pyrotechnics would be called a volcano, at all events a magnificent conflagration. "It would be difficult to match them, and impossible to find a rival collection in the works of any one artist. The common and consenting verdict of all critics of the press places each work in the highest place, and some have even ranked them collectively far above any productions of living artists that could be brought into comparison as to design, subject or style. How shall we express our admiration of these grand, glorious and beautiful productions? In most pictures we can recognize the canvas, and the figures, and the designs, each distinct from the rest. But here we see before us but one piece! a living picture! a complete combination of every part! an absolute perfection! We never had an hour's better amusement! The perspective is very deceiving, and instead of mere figures on canvas, the picture presents, as it were, a group of statuary. It belongs to the world, to posterity! It possesses one merit higher than all others, which so many artists have studied and so few have attained; it can please a child, while it astonishes a philosopher!"

Not always were the pieces suffered to rest on their own merits. Sometimes the manager stepped forth and appealed to our sympathies. Here is one who told us that the artist "fled away, and brought back trophies at the expense of no small suffering acquired during continued sickness of the sea, yet so carefully as to render them records of the strong will and self-control of the man." Having once witnessed on board of a steamer the persevering and successful efforts of a friend to shave himself, and, at the same time, attend to the requirements of "sickness of the sea," I knew how to yield unstinted admiration to the performance in question. Again we are informed that a lady artist "worked at her great statue with such intensity of purpose, and such untiring labor, that physicians sent her into Switzerland to save her life. Many women, if they had accomplished half as much, would think they had a right to put up at the Hôtel de l'Univers, and do nothing during the remainder of their natural lives, but repose on their laurels, and be lionized by visitors."

I might continue, dear reader, and tell you how much more "intensely liquid" water appears in some pictures than in nature, and expatiate upon the "luminosity of ether," and relate how a greenish hue is justified by the "green of the sea warmed and purified by the dull crimson of submerged fires," with no other object than to make you recognize the "high art of color." But I take it you enjoy art in pyrotechnics and in nature without the aid of critics, and without being reminded of truth and beauty by the rubbish of a literary

CHIFFONIER.

THE JARVES COLLECTION.

[THE two following letters are the last of the series bearing upon the merits of this collection. The writer of the first, Mr.

C. C. Black, is an English gentleman, and a lover of Art, who has for many years resided in Italy, and is well known to many American travellers and artists. Mr. T. A. Trollope, the writer of the second letter, is a well-known author and traveller. In reply to a correspondent, we have to state that the letters on the Jarves collection are published by request.]

Letter of Mr. C. C. Black.

July, 1859.

When Goldsmith laid down, as one of the two rules by which a reputation for connoisseurship might be attained, that the aspirant must praise the works of Pietro Perugino, we may presume he did so, not from any accurate appreciation he himself possessed of that old painter's merits, but rather that he selected the name as that of a recondite and rarely investigated luminary in the galaxy of Art. Keener eyes and better aesthetic telescopes have, however, of late years, been directed toward the pictorial sky, and Perugino's name would now stand far down, were we to catalogue the lights which shine from distances beyond the orbits even of Giotto and Cimabue, till the gazer is finally bewildered among Sienese nebulae and Byzantine star-dust. These thoughts came on me forcibly, on crossing the Piazza Maria Antonia, after a by no means thorough examination of the very interesting collection formed by our friend J. J. Jarves. Although I think you visited it, when in Florence some years ago, his untiring energy has added to it so largely since you were among us, that I am minded to give you (without much pretence to chronological accuracy) some notes of a few chief objects of my admiration.

Though aware that Mr. Jarves had confined his purchases principally to the more ancient masters, proposing—and wisely—to illustrate the germ and growth of modern Art, I was not prepared for the distance to which skill and patience have carried him back, and found him, to my surprise, the possessor of one of the earliest known representations of the Crucifixion, dating from the tenth, or possibly the ninth century. By the way, in writing to one who is acquainted with the galleries of the Catacombs, I may enter a *caveat* against the accusation of inaccuracy, by explaining that I mean one of the earliest *movable* representations, excluding, of course, wall-paintings. Specimens of this date are naturally very rare; some, however, there are, and well authenticated, one in particular in the Museum of Fine Arts at Florence, closely resembling this of Mr. Jarves. A marked and distinctive peculiarity is the form of the cross, which, indeed, can be termed so merely for convenience, as it is Y-shaped, curiously resembling the embroidery on a priestly stole, and figuring, moreover, in the shield of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To step from this strange relic of early piety to Margaritone of Arezzo may not be strictly chronological; but, as I said before, this I do not profess to be. This old master is represented here by a Virgin, attended by the Saints Peter and Paul, the central painting surrounded with smaller ones, which show various events of their lives. Their martyrdoms in particular are packed with an economy of space truly wonderful. In singular contrast to the hard, rugged, Ben-Jonsonish energy of Margaritone is a Greek painting of very early date (well known to collectors, and engraved by Fumagalli), highly finished in detail, the jewels of the tiara and the folds of embroidered drapery quite wonderful, but the features smooth, polished and insignificant as one of Hayley's poems. I was much pleased with a small Giovanni di Paolo, representing a female saint in grey who kneels to a pope. How these old artists caught the key-note of character in their figures! It

seems as though there was in the childhood of Art something analogous to the actual childhood of human life; for even as an observant child unfailingly selects the chief characteristic, bodily or mental, of a visitor, so do we find these early painters insisting on distinctive character as determinately as though they had just been reading the "Ars Poetica." We have here a demure train-bearer and a sulky cardinal, both of whom I have seen in Roman processions, Corpus Domini, for instance, times without number.

Duccio, whose noble picture at Siena hangs on the Cathedral walls so awkwardly as to be hardly visible, may be admired here much more satisfactorily, in a beautiful Virgin and Child, as also in a Crucifixion, showing what, to me, was a somewhat novel treatment of this much-worn subject. The chief personage among the spectators is a Roman soldier in all the gorgeous panoply of war, *sagum paludamentum*, etc., etc., whose attitude of determination somewhat puzzled me till I bethought me of the centurion (called by the Church of Rome "Longinus") who declared, "Truly, this man was the Son of God!" If any doubt could exist, it would be removed by noticing the countenance of the soldier behind him. Wonder, horror, and the reserve generated by discipline, are all combined in his attitude; and we may clearly see his consciousness that what in his captain may be but an unguarded word would in him be flat blasphemy. Perhaps no better example could be found, to show the soul these early masters put into their works, than the various expressions, gestures and costumes here displayed on a space not larger than a sheet of letter-paper.

A Virgin and Child with a Goldfinch, which hangs near the Duccio, shows how much the Italian painters followed each other, or were, possibly, all led by some now obsolete tradition, in the accompaniments to their chief figures. This work is ascribed, doubtfully, to Giotto, who, however, contributes one indubitable Entombment. There is a Cimabue, genuine in style, and genuine in subject, too, as representing one of those delightful facts which occurred only in the "good old times,"—St. Nicholas throwing gold balls into the windows of poor, portionless maidens. You have Santa Claus still among you, and can tell whether he yet indulges in that beneficent play: I fear that the acquaintance our English poor have with gilded bal's is of a less pleasing character.

Fra Angelico appears here unmistakably in a painting of three saints, St. Zenobio, St. Francis and St. Thomas (I forget which of them); and an Adoration of the Magi, by Simone Memmi, would attract any one's notice, if only from a wonderful group of men, horses and camels, thrust together in much-admired disorder. Some such group may have been seen by Shakespeare, in his mind's eye or otherwise, when he wrote the description of the tapestry in the "Rape of Lucrece," where "for Achilles' image stood a spear grasped in an armed hand."

I have really no time to expatiate on the various excellent specimens of painters, good and rare, such as Pietro Cavallini, Andrea Castagno, Matteo da Siena—of whom we have a Virgin and Child, and happily not his oft-repeated and horribly elaborated Murder of the Innocents—Taddeo Gaddi, who shows us St. Dominic receiving at the hands of St. Peter the sword he used so ruthlessly against heretics. Nor can I do more than offer to more leisurely speculation two quaint Byzantine tablets, in which Julian the A'postate is being speared by Mercurios (?), while Maxentius undergoes the same fate at the hand, not of Constantine, but of one Dicaterina—St. Catherine, I suppose; but let it pass. I must, however, do homage to Sano di Pietro,

an artist whose works, even in Italy, must be sought with care, as nearly all the best are confined to his native city of Sienna. Nevertheless, we find here no less than three specimens of his handiwork—an Adoration of Magi, a St. Margaret, wonderful in drapery, and a Coronation of the Virgin, so pure and sacred in feeling as to show at once his right to the title of the Sienese Fra Angelico. Of Filippo Lippi there is an Annunciation, in a state of preservation very uncommon—and the same subject by Credi, clean and fresh in coloring as all his works are, and treated in a very pleasing, unconventional manner.

"*Omnia ex ovo*," says the old physiological adage; and I presume that the Virgin Mary herself forms no exception to the rule, unless, indeed, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception interfere—a question which I beg to refer to his Holiness Pio Nono. At all events, here we have the Virgin, very pleasingly painted by a scholar of Albertinelli, inclosed in an egg—not a *vesica piscis* glory, nor an oval mass of clouds, but a veritably well-painted egg—the shell broken open at the side, the fractured edges carefully drawn, so as to display the figure. Leaving unsolved the mystic meaning of this very pretty picture, I pass to another Virgin and Child, delicate in coloring, and charming in expression, by Sandro Botticelli—and to a small panel, liable to be overlooked by a casual observer, but very interesting as being not improbably the identical Birth of St. John painted by Massaccio and described in Vasari. The circumstantial evidence, with which I shall not trouble you, is very strong in its favor.

You know the man of many names: Sodoma to the world, Razzi of Sienna to his familiars; and now, by favor of some of those confounded investigators who upset our faith in Romulus, Richard, Joan of Arc—nay, even would do so in respect to Shakespeare himself—Bazzi of Piedmont would seem to be the genuine name of the painter. Happily, these *rixae de lana caprinæ* are very unimportant; the names may perish, but Romeo, Lear, Hamlet, and, though in an humbler sphere, the Chapel of San Bernardino at Siena, and the upper floor of the Farnesina at Rome, are undeniable facts. —Mr. Jarves possesses a glorious Razzi, Christ bearing the Cross, almost as rich in coloring as the grand fresco in the Belle Arti at Siena, and decidedly nobler in expression—the point in which Sodoma was most commonly weak. A proof of this assertion may be seen by comparing his celebrated St. Catharine Fainting, in the Dominican Church at Siena, with the same subject as treated by Beccafumi in this gallery. Although in many points closely resembling, and generally to the advantage of Sodoma, the countenance of the Father in Beccafumi's work is far grander.

Do you remember the shops of the *pizzicaroli* at Rome during Passion Week—those mysterious caverns propped by sides of bacon, panelled with hams, and roofed with numerous starry lamps twinkling from a heaven of lard? If not, read Hans Anderssen's Improvisatore, or look with me at a picture of Masolino da Panicale, where the Virgin is adoring her newborn infant in front of just such a cave. Though meant for stone, the brown walls and whitish roof bear unmistakable traces of their adipose porcine models. Germany, ever anxious to get a foothold in Italy, here sends, as her representative, a Crucifixion by F. Franck—how oddly the name resembles Francesco Francia!—richly colored, carefully executed, and showing a wonderfully elaborate background, where Jerusalem appears crowded with steep roofs, golden weathercocks, and pepper-box turrets. Truly, the early Germans were no more solicitous as to anachronisms than the later Italians; as witness

a Crucifixion here by Paolo Veronese, and a Tintoretto, where St. Agnes is unveiled by a knightly personage in rich black armor of the fifteenth century. The painter has somewhat softened the painful character of this subject by the compassionate air which he has given to the warrior.

But I find my letter has already run to an unconscionable length. I have left myself no room to speak at all, as it deserves, of what is, perhaps, the most valuable gem of the whole gallery, an undoubted Leonardo da Vinci. You, who know that Leonardos are so rare that they may in general terms be declared quite unattainable—albeit they figure in every catalogue as surely as Johannisberger in a Rhine-steamer's wine-list—will be glad to learn that Migliarini, whose judgment cannot be called in question, adds the weight of his authority to the preponderating historical evidence of the authenticity of this work.

I should like to detail to you some of the gorgeous court-costumes devised by Paolo Uccello, to grace the pageant where King Solomon in all his glory meets the Queen of Sheba—to speculate on the interpretation of a most perplexing and enticing allegory by Gentile da Fabriano, called the Triumph of Love—and to speak more fully than is now possible of a beautiful female head by Cesare da Sesto, of a soldierly Velasquez, of a large and important Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.

Before concluding this very imperfect review, in which I have left quite unmentioned many interesting pictures, let me revert to our old friend Perugino, with whose name I began my letter, and of whom Mr. Jarves possesses a small but unmistakably genuine painting—as also to our dearer friend Noll Goldsmith, whose other recipe was, "to observe that the picture would have been better, if the painter had taken more pains." How very safely this remark may yet be applied to the Caracci and their school! Rarely, if ever, do we meet a work of the Bolognese school which does not, in spite of its unquestionable merit, offend by a certain careless air, which seems to show that the painter felt himself fully equal, nay, possibly superior, to the requirements of his subject. On the other hand, the conscientious labor, the solemn purity, visible in every portion of a painting by Duccio, Fra Angelico, or Sano di Pietro, impresses on us the conviction that these men felt called on to make a holocaust of the talent God had given them, in serving as best they could the Giver.

I must now conclude, and only hope that this imperfect summary may suffice to show what can be done, even at this late period of picture-hunting, when good judgment and activity are backed by patience and well-timed liberality.

C. C. BLACK.

Letter of Mr. T. A. Trollope, from the London Athenaeum of 12th February, 1859.

FLORENCE, January 20.

* * * * *

I was invited the other day to visit a gallery of pictures, the collection and object of which interested me much, and seemed strangely to indicate the apparently inexhaustible artistic wealth which has been stored up in these old Tuscan cities, as in a garner for the perennial supply of the entire world. They have furnished forth galleries for the delight and Art-instruction of every nation of Europe. And now they are called on to perform a similar civilizing office for the rising world on the other side of the Atlantic. And to how great an extent they are still able to answer to the demand, the collection I am speaking of most surprisingly proves. It has been brought to-

gether by an American gentleman, a Bostonian, of the name of Jarves, and is destined to form the nucleus of a public gallery in his native city, the young Athens of America. The funds necessary for its collection have been furnished, I understand, by a public-spirited lover of Art in Boston, with the view of supplying his countrymen, before it is too late, with the means of obtaining a tolerably competent Art-education without the necessity of crossing the Atlantic for it. One would have thought that it had been already too late to accomplish so patriotic a purpose, were not the gallery in question here to prove the contrary. Sir Charles Eastlake, I am told, when recently here, wistfully sounded the owner as to the possibility of tempting him to relinquish one or two of his treasures. But "the almighty dollar" has already ceased, it seems, to be almighty in Boston; for the answer was, that the collection would go unmutilated to America.

This first attempt to make the New World a sharer in the great Art-heritage of Europe's old civilization is a circumstance so interesting, and, in view of the special bent the specimens obtained may give to an entire new lineage of Art and artists, is so important, that it seems worth while to say a few words of the nature and merit of the collection.

Mr. Jarves has been for some years a resident in Florence, and has devoted himself entirely to this object. In the pursuit of it, Yankee energy and industry were, as a matter of course, not wanting. But the very creditable knowledge and judgment manifested in expending the funds devoted to the object might, perhaps, have been less to be anticipated. And Boston has been very fortunate in being catered for by one of her citizens, perhaps the only one living who has given many years of his life to the study of Italian art. But, most of all, the amazing good-fortune which has helped him in his aim will strike those who can appreciate the difficulty of obtaining specimens of many of the masters, who will be well represented in the Boston gallery.

Mr. Jarves has done wisely in seeking to make his collection especially illustrative of the history, progress, and, so to speak, genealogy of the Art; being aware that it is by such a study of its masters that an artist, as distinguished from an imitator, must be formed. He has also done well in paying particular attention to the condition of his specimens, preferring to have them with the mark of time upon them, when not such as to deface the master's sense and treatment, rather than to have more showy pictures at the cost of restoration amounting to repainting.

The collection is especially rich in specimens, one or two of them almost, if not quite, unique, of the earliest days of revived Art. Some very curious Byzantine works of the tenth and subsequent centuries bring the history down to Margaritone da Arezzo, in 1240, who is represented by a most remarkable altar-piece. There is also a very important picture, as an historical document, of date between 1198 and 1216, which may be found engraved in the 18th volume of Fumagalli's "Collection of the Principal Pictures of Europe."

Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi, Andrea Orgagna (a picture by him which Sir Charles Eastlake had previously sought to purchase), Gentile da Fabriano (a signed picture by this very rare artist, of whom not above eight works are known to be extant in Europe), Fra Angelico, Sano di Pietro, Masaccio (a fragment of a *predella* cited by Vasari), Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, P. di Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolomeo (a very grand altar-piece), Leonardo da Vinci

(Holy Family, with same character of background and about the same date as Lord Suffolk's *Vierge aux Rochers*, a very valuable and undoubtedly authentic work), Lo Spagna, Sodoma (two fine specimens), Pinturicchio, Domenico and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, Raphael (a very interesting early work, painted by him while still with his master, Perugino, from a design of his, but with variations)—all these, and several other less generally known names, are represented. There are also some interesting portraits, especially a contemporary one of Fernando Cortés, and a full-length Spanish grandee in armor, by Velasquez.

It will be admitted that no ordinary degree of good-fortune must have been added to activity and judgment, to render feasible the collection of such an assemblage of genuine pictures at this time of day. Those who have attempted, with more or less success, to purchase pictures recently in Italy, will probably be not a little surprised that it should have been possible. And it may be safely asserted, that, if any other of the more wealthy communities of the United States, stimulated by the example and success of my Bostonian friend, should think, like Jack the Giant Killer's Cornish foe, "her can do that herself," and should attempt the feat with twice the pecuniary means, they will find that it is not to be repeated. And it is probable that the old Puritan city of New England will hereafter be the only community in America possessing a fair sample of ancient religious Art—unless, indeed, some transatlantic Napoleon should, in the fulness of time, administer a course of "*idées Napoléoniennes*" to the cities of the old world after the manner of the great original.

A very large quantity of painted canvas and wood has of late years been exported hence to the United States, to the great encouragement of our staple manufacture. But while the fact shows that the "demon," who "whispers, 'Have a taste,'" has crossed the Atlantic, the acquisitions hitherto made by the Great Republic have only proved the urgent need that some means of instruction, such as that here provided for Boston, should be furnished to the American Art-patrons who travel, as well as to the American artists who stay at home.

T. A. TROLLOPE.

EXHIBITIONS.

LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON AT PRINCETON.—This large national picture by Leutze is on exhibition at the Studio building, Tenth street.

INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. Several new pictures have been added to this collection. Among them are several charming domestic scenes by Meyer von Bremen.

Literary Record.

LIFE OF GENERAL JACKSON. Vol. I. By James Parton. Mason Brothers.

Not to be able to tell a good story of Jackson used to be set down as a serious deficiency in the character of a politician. The writer who could not do a bright-colored history of the dashing old hero and inflexible statesman in a month or less, was not thought much of by our publishers, who regarded General Jackson as so much stock on hand, which must be turned into money whenever politicians brought his name upon the nation's great race-course. In truth, it may be said

that our literature has had a Jacksonian era, when every ambitious writer took to the old hero as flies do to a jar of sweetmeats, resolving that the nation should have enough of him before they had done. Few heroes have had such a swarm of biographers and army of critics. The only wonder is that he has survived the storms of praise and condemnation they were in the habit of bestowing upon him. His enemies condemned him because he interfered with their schemes; his admirers lavished indiscriminate praise because they were incapable of comprehending his true character, or painting it intelligibly. One magnified his virtues; the other saw only his vices, or what they were pleased to call his vices. Between them both the old hero had become so well-nigh buried in contradictions that it would have been exceedingly difficult for the future searcher after truth, to have made out what sort of a character Jackson really was. We say this in the face of the fact that we have had him served up in every variety of style, from an abomination in bronze by Clark Mills, down to a six-penny pamphlet.

Mr. Parton now proposes to give us General Jackson in three huge volumes, of which this, the first, contains 636 pages. We must do him the justice to say that he has not only written an exceedingly interesting book, but shown himself equal to the task of writing a good biography, a rare merit in these days. If his style lacks polish, his method of conveying his meaning is always clear and intelligible, while the diligence and extent of his researches prove how conscious he was of the importance of his undertaking, and how earnestly he entered upon it, resolved to do justice to his hero, and give satisfaction to the public. Out of homely details, and incidents which, in the hands of an ordinary writer, would have become dull and tedious, he has brought forth a picture of the living Jackson, with his own acts depicting his character. Many of the early chapters of the book are taken up with a history of the General's ancestors, who were North-of-Irishmen, tenacious and impetuous in the assertion of rights, and inhabitants of the good old town of Carrickfergus, of which several entertaining reminiscences are given. Mr. Parton seems to have regarded it necessary to be thus minute in tracing General Jackson's ancestors to Ireland in order to account for acts in his political and military career which the public could not fully understand.

Andrew Jackson, then, was of Scotch-Irish extraction, had the tenacity and obstinacy of the Scot, and the impetuosity of the Irish. His father, a poor but respectable man, emigrated from his native town, Carrickfergus, in 1765, and sought to better his condition in a battle for life in the forests of North Carolina, a change which, although it could not have bettered his real condition much, speaks volumes for the indomitable courage of the man. This sturdy emigrant, Andrew Jackson, died in the spring of 1767, having toiled hard and struggled against poverty, and leaving without means of support a wife and two sons. The widow with her two sons sought refuge in the house of a brother-in-law, on the Waxhaw Creek, and which is now called Union County, N. C. Here, in a sweetly sequestered spot, on the 15th of March, 1767, the mother gave birth to Andrew Jackson, the subject of this biography, and the man whose name fills so large a space in the political and military history of this country. The following is Mr. Parton's description of the birth-place of this remarkable man.

In a large field, near the edge of a wide, shallow ravine, on the plantation of Mr. W. J. Cureton, there is to be seen a great clump,